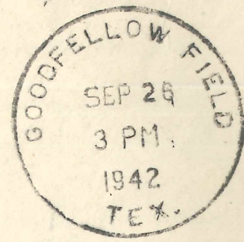
A/c F.W. Loops, 42-K
Goodfellow Field
San Angelo, Texas

FREE



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ARMY AIR FORCES BASIC FLYING SCHOOL
GOODFELLOW FIELD, TEXAS

Saturday A.M.
Sept. 25, 1942

Hi, Gang - only this time is my "Little Gang"!

Got your letter yesterday and needless to say, enjoyed it very much. - Thought maybe I'd better get right on to a reply as for some unaccountable reason we seem to be having a few free minutes. We don't have ground school on Saturdays so they usually cook up some extra trouble for us like super-colossal inspections and stuff - but so far, not a word has been said about doing anything! - Of course, that's too good to be true so we've been getting already for an inspection anyhow! - They can't fool us, - we're too ignorant! - In any event, - that boils it down as to why I've got a free moment, and if I didn't take advantage of them for short spurts - I'd never get a letter off to anyone 'cept the folks on Sundays.

Our stay at Goodfellow is in its last stages, now. - Next week we finish our flying and ground school and leave for "advanced" sometime the following week. - Of course, in the meantime we have a few little details to go through, such as a check ride on instrument flying, + formation flying, to say nothing of a final in meteorology and code! - But we are almost through. - I finished up my night flying Thursday night and that's the biggest help right now. I got a full night's sleep last night for a change, and I mean full!

I was in bed and asleep by 8:30, and slept thru till 6:30 this A.M.—! Now you know when I sleep that much, somethings wrong! And that's not the worst part—I intend to do the same tonight. I've had a bad cold for the last week and this no sleep business hasn't helped any.—Ordinarily I'd report to sick call with a cold,—but not here, just now.—You see, they want to take special care of us Cadets (one side trys to kill us and the other is just the other extreme) so when we go to the hospital—we don't see a regular doctor—we see the the "flight surgeon". Well, they ground us for a cold and if we get grounded just now, it means we wont finish with our class—be held over till the next one—so everyone just sneezes + blows, but keeps on going — incidentally,—no hay fever this year either—its a good thing too, cause I couldn't keep up this schedule and fight that too.—I'm understanding more + more why one can't have it and fly for the Army.—It's not like going out and renting a cub ½ hour every 2 weeks!

Our flying keeps getting more and more interesting all the time.—During our night flying we had a 250 mi cross county trip, night formations, landings of all kinds including lots of them using no lights at all, bringing her down in the dark without nothings to see by!—They call those particular ~~kinds~~, "blitz landings". I wonder what the significance could be?

I finished the regular prescribed course on the "link trainer" yesterday, and started work on radio beams + stuff in it.—The radio work is very interesting but golly day—a fellow needs a "monroe calculator" to do the math part of it. Flying gets to be purely

coincidental. Those "links" sure are marvelous contraptions. – They cost about $12,000 a piece, but considering the savings on planes, lives, & upkeep, – they are more than worth it. – You can sit right in one spot take a cross country, locate your beam – follow it in to the field & land – Of course it's entirely different than actually flying the plane – but it enables one to get the principles down, then all you have to do is adapt the principles to the planes. (That's all!)

When our instructor takes us up on instrument rides we ride under a hood so we can't see out. Lately its gotten to be a game. – He puts the planes into some of the gosh almightiest positions and tells you to "recover". – All you have to go by are the instruments so you have no idea of how you are cause you can't see out and your senses aren't worth a darn. – Sometimes we are going straight up, spinning – anything – you never know!

I can't hardly picture Janet in school! It doesn't seem possible she could be that big or old, but then, when you figure back – darn if she isn't! – How does she like it? – Tell her as soon as she learns to write my kinda language so I can read it and know what she's saying, – to write me real often. – Of course I appreciate her letters now, – but to tell the truth, – I don't get a great deal of news from them.

Don't worry too much over my birthday – I hardly realized I had one myself. – I don't have time for those little details!

Bet you miss Susie. – I know I miss Matilda, but if I were in civilian life, living my normal

routine, I'd really be lost. - This way I just miss it on Sundays. - But I guess all this gas & tire business is kinda irksome. I can't understand why the man who bought her had a new clutch put in tho. - What's the matter, didn't he have any patience? She's only been needing one for - - - - well, how long have you had her? -

The ceiling out is about 800 ft today and a wind of around 25 mph is blowing. - I didn't think we would be flying - but some one just came in and said we were - instruments. Darn it, can't even rest in bad weather! - Bye for now - I've gotta go !!!!!

Frank